

I helped a young suicide bomber



Translated into English By: Fateh SAMI

Translator's Remark:

The following article entitled 'I helped a young suicide bomber' was written by Mr. Sulaiman Kabir Noori in 2011. As per his request I translated it into English for the benefit of young Afghan refugees who either migrated with their families at a very young age or were born in their new dwelling places outside their homeland. The article was written as a fictional, imaginative short story, portraying the true nature of what is currently going on in the training camps in Pakistan, apparently named Madrassa (Religious Education Centre). The religious centres employ various techniques to indoctrinate the children with ideals and fantasies of going to the paradise, convincing them to get ready for a suicide operation. After a brain washing period the young kids are cruelly made prepared for suicide, under the name of faith and Islam in a country which is being called "Islamic".

By reading this story you can judge how the innocent kids of Afghanistan are being prepared for committing suicide in the romantic dream of joining the houri (nymph) in the heaven.

In this article Mr Noori has used many local jargons, teenage slangs and expressions in colloquial language. Translation of local words in conversational language could be vague and indistinct in the target language. To the possible extent, I tried to convey the message using the equivalent expressions in English. For preserving semantic content of the original text, dialectical and linguistic fluency I made every effort possible to avoid of using vocabulary, phrases and sentences which sounded repetition and iteration in the original Dari text. Also, certain awkward Farsi-Dari expressions were converted into common English pattern to be familiar and understandable for young English readers without any significant addition or omission of the original text.

It was a very cold winter night in Europe, unprecedentedly freezing and stormy. The wind was striking with all its force, its coldness embraced the city in darkness. The wind was so cold that it was as if choking the light globes and squeezing their lights frozen on their hands. It was eight o'clock, and I was moving towards home travelling from a long distance. Just 25 kilometers away from home, I decided to get a newspaper for study from the nearest place on my way.

I moved to the train station and stopped my car in the parking lot. I wanted to buy a newspaper from the news agent inside the train station. When I got out of my car, I felt that the cold sweep away my warmth, piercing my body as I was walking to the kiosk.

While getting the paper, I noticed that someone was running behind a train, as if he was trying to stop it moving. The train moved forward and got faster by each second. It disappeared at a glance, as if it had swallowed the cold. But the person who was running behind to catch the train all of a sudden stopped breathlessly. After a pause, he desperately returned to the kiosk where I was standing in front of it. When he approached he grumbled at the way he had been treated. What he was raving about sounded familiar to my ears. A young man aged 16 - 18, of Afghan appearance, attracted my attention.

I asked him, 'Are you from Afghanistan?'

He answered, 'yes'. as he drove out he took the CD Players head phone out from his ears:

I looked at him. He was handsome, young and alone. His legs seemed heavier with the Cowboy's Potello, which was slipping on his Addidas shoes. His eyes were tired and was gazing into me curiously.

I asked, 'where are you going?'

*'I live in a refugee camp, i.e. Immigration Detention Centre (IDC).'*he answered.

I said, 'come with me. I will take you up there.'

He said. 'Ok, thanks. But please take me just to the station. There the camp's bus is running every hour and picks up the refugees'

I said, 'It is good to come with me. I will drop you at the camp because it is very cold.'

I got the newspaper and moved with the young man to my car. We seated in the car.

'Do you listen to music?' I asked him.

He laughed, nodded and raised his hand with a gesture of approval.

'Dear uncle! We cannot live without music. Can we?'he said.

I told him, 'Good on you, Come on! What do you want to hear?'

He said. 'Play whatever you like. It does not matter for me as long as it is music. It should be just music. My life was bad any way. It is bad and will get worse and ruined. May be the music will reduce my sorrow. It will diminish grief in my heart.'

Hearing my young compatriot's responses, apprehension and fear caught sway over my heart. I thought that this young man, with mustaches newly grown as a black stripe over his lips, may have been suffering from a heavy burden of bitterness and sadness in life which has been squeezing cruelly all fabrics of his body. I was thinking that this young man has never experienced anything in this world. Unfortunately a severe pain like a heavy mountain has crept through and resided in his very young heart. But the pain could not bend his waist, and he was still able to withstand and resist it steadfastly. I slowed down the speed of the car.

I asked: How long have you been here for?

He replied: 'One and half years.'

I asked: 'Have you not received any response from the Immigration Department about your refugee status case during this period?'

'Why not. I have received but it was negative.' he reiterated.

I continued, 'Why did you get a negative response? What was the problem with your case?'

'Lots of problem.,he said.

I asked, 'for example, what?'

'I am a suicide bomber!' he said.

By hearing that, the intensity of my surprise came to a halt, and my legs gave way and squeezed involuntarily on the brakes.

'Was it a real case or did you make it up for yourself?' I asked.

He answered, 'I told the department every thing accurately. I told that I was a suicide bomber..

Surprisingly I asked, 'How did you tell the truth? Why are you a suicide bomber?'

Again he said, 'I'm really a suicide bomber.'

I put the volume of the music player down , and asked him curiously.

'Really! what sort of suicidal?'

He said, 'A suicide bomber!'

My hairs stood upright on my body of fear. I realized that I had helped a suicide bomber. Now I'm sitting with a suicide bomber in

the car. Without recognising my feelings , I asked, 'You're so funny. Why did you choose to become a suicide bomber?'

He answered.' Uncle ! I am really a suicide bomber!'

I said 'You're kidding again! 'My dear nephew, I am really going to help you so that your case can be approved.

' Tell me how did you become a suicide bomber?' I asked again.

' Well, it is with me. That is a private matter. Let it be confidential.'he answered.

I insisted.'My dear ! Really , I'm going to help you.'

He immediately turned his face to me and asked, ' What sort of help you can do for me? Uncle!'

I told him,' Maybe I can help you to be accepted and to get a positive response from the Department of Immigration. I have previously helped many Afghans."

I parked my car at the first parking lot on the way. I also lit the lights inside the car and told him:

Do you see what is going on in our homeland at present? Every day, dozens of our compatriots including children, old and young, men and women are being slaughtered. Are there any Afghan citizen who can indifferently watch the ongoing appalling crimes? Off course not. Do you know, how much your father, mother, sister and brother have thought about your fate? And are you aware how uncomfortable they may be because of you ? They are very uncomfortable, especially your mother, Janet. Don't you know that you are not far away from her memory even for a second? Do you remember how much they loved you and how they were looking after you? Very much indeed. Isn't that true?

The boy stared at me experiencing in his vision pain, sorrow, weakness and inability ,but still you could read in his face a sense of trust and courage. Suddenly he put his head on top of my chest, knelt his hands around my neck and started weeping bitterly like a kid. The boy started crying as loudly as he could with all his power, pounding his pain on my chest. While rancour was choking my throat I did not shed any tear. But I was trying to calm down myself from the incendiary flames engulfing my heart. I was giving him a pat on his head and shoulders. I thought with myself that this child would be one of hundreds of children from my homeland who has faced to such a terrible destiny. The destiny of a nation which its beliefs have been caught in a dangerous game. The claimants of faith open the gates of death and violence for them. The boy calmed down and kept sitting firmly on the car seat. It is regrettably

the fate of a nation whose beliefs have been abused precariously , and their beliefs have opened for them the gates of violence. The boy got quiet and sat in his chair firmly.

While he was rubbing tears from his face with his hands , he took a few deep breaths. Then he calmed down. The boy began to say: ' I was in school. I went to school for three years. I was happy and interested to study.'

I asked, ' Where did you go to school?

'In wata por,'he answered.

I asked again, ' Where is that ?

He said, 'in Wat Pour District of Kunar Province.'

I said, ' ok, and then what happened?'





The boy sat upright. His eyes focussed on the murkiness as if he was trying to portray the obscurity of his past. I was in grade three that my uncle came to our house with a friend from Pakistan. He said to my father at night: 'It's time for your child to start learning basic religious lessons so that he should not go astary and to grow up as a good Mulim. In Pakistan people pay more attention to children. Pakistan is a genuine Islamic country. There are many religious schools. Arab brothers also pay more attention. They provide free accommodation and food and they taghut the children to learn Quran and to become Mullah (religious leader) and Talib.



I keenly listened to their chat. Two days later my father handed me over to my uncle. Then I went to Pakistan and I enrolled in a school in which , like me, many other Afghan children were studying. We

were doing religious education as well as both combat training and how to conduct a suicide operation. At later stages of our study particularly at the end, students were taught how to commit suicide. One of our compatriot was a chef in the kitchen of that school. When I was studying at the school, the chef got permission so that I would work with him as a kitchen hand. On some Friday nights he would take permission from the school authority to take me with him to his house. I would play with one of his kids who was at my age. But he did not go to madrasa, religious school; he was studying in the public school.



I helped the chef for two years. He was telling me that we were coming from the same. I have to look on you with great favour. He was a very nice and kind person and loved me like his own child. After the school time, I was washing dishes and cleaning. I never saw that person in my homeland but I knew that my family recognised him. When the young man used the word cleansing, more questions were raised in my mind. The boy continued:

One day, Maulavi (senior Mullah), the head of the madrasa, asked me to come to his room. When I entered his room, after greeting, I saw two Pakistani men there too. Mr. Maulavi introduced me to them: 'This is also a Talib (religious student) on the list for the way of Allah (God) going to paradise



As I was getting further surprised , I asked,' Did you understand what was the purpose of Maulavi?

' Yes. It was the suicide bombing that we read in our lessons. We would kill the infidels (Kafir) and ourselves would go to paradise.' he said.

It was dark outside , so the darkness had come inside the car too.

I asked,' What did you think when you realized that they were going to send you to paradise ? What did you feel? The young boy was held up hugging his past memories.

Having heard this saying of Mr.Maulavi , I found a weird joy in my heart. He took me in completely with his good news.I was thinking that God Almighty has given me all happiness in the world. All the things that our instructors taught us about paradise all at once came before me. I wast drowning with glee. From among my classmates, I had found myself as a champion. How God has rewarded me with martyrdom. In brief, I felt that God had given me all the pleasures of the world and provided me a visit with the Prophet Mohammad. Ya, at that moment, my parents, my sisters and brothers came to my mind. I would love to fly and pass this good news to them.

I asked Mr. Mawlavi, 'Do you allow me before the matyrdom to go home and meet my father and mother?'



He said. 'What do you do with your father and mother? Go to paradise where your grandmother, grand father and maternal uncle are all waiting for you.' He also said to me, " You should not tell anyone until you know your job. After kissing the hands of Maulavi, I got out of the room with pride. When I got out of the room, I felt myself feeling light, like a fly in the air. When I started to read my lesson , my eyes did not see any word at all. And I was drunk in the thought of another world.

After the class, when I went to the kitchen, I wanted keep this as a secret even from the chef. But five minutes later, when the chef saw me, he called me and asked, 'What has happened?' I was tempted to tell him passionately the whole instruction and conversation of what Mr. Maulavi told me . But unlike yesterday the chef , hearing my story, knelt in front of me, pushed the tail of his turban to one side and looked at me with sadness. After a moment's silence, he pulled me up and hugged me. He said,' My son, your father and mother do not have any worries that you are studying. They are comfortable and sure that I take care of you. I am also responsible for you. I got upset why the chef was not happy with my martyrdom and going to paradise.



Two days passed from this story, I was envisioning for hours with the thought of going to paradise. On that day, after the end of the work the chef was always getting ready to go home. He put some food in a clothbag with a few bananas and placed it in the corner of the kitchen. But on that day before going home, he gave me some money and sent me out to the nearest shop to buy nasswar (powdered tobacco used under tongue) for him. I took the money and went to the shop. When I bought Nasswar, I wanted to go back to school. I was surprised seeing the chef with a bag in his hand, standing on my way. He told me I could go home with him. Meanwhile, his child was waiting for me.

I said, 'ok good . Let's go' . When I got to his home, my eyes were looking for his son.

When I got inside, I saw my dad sitting and chatting with the father of the chef. My father got up and gave me a hug. While he was hugging me he was also shaking. I did not realize what had happened to him. Surprisingly, I saw his tears running on his beard. I did not know what was going on. Looking at my father in that situation the fantasies of going to paradise was lost in my mind. After a while, when the chef talked with my father and his own father, my father, with the company of the chef, went to the house of one of our relatives. But the chef after a while returned to his home. In the house of my relative, I also saw my younger maternal cousin who had come to Pakistan from Kunar recently, and he was going to Europe.

In short, after two to three weeks my dad sent me to Iran with my cousin. We stayed long and worked in Iran, and it took us four years to get to Europe. We met with many fugitive compatriots, men, women, old and young people on the way to Europe. Travelling

makes people informed, vigilant and alert. I learned many things as a traveler, and my mind was opened. I understood the meaning of the case on the way to Europe. And my cousin always telling me that my case was good and I would be accepted soon. Now I see around 600 under age Afghan children who want to apply for refugee status had said that they were suicide bombers. They have badly affected their cases and it also had a negative impact on my case as well. Dear uncle! Do you understand now that I was really a suicide bomber.

Anger and astonishment had been mingled with the darkness of the night to take me to the aura of the mystery surrounding tragedy. The grief of the compatriot's story was pressing heavily on my heart. I sent my anger, moan and cry off to the night, to pacify my eyes through looking at the eyes of the young boy: - You were a suicide bomber, you were in the hands of our homeland's enemies. But now, thanks God that you are a free, wise and mature young man, not a suicide bomber.

Yes, my dear uncle, it is the word of Allah Almighty which says, "All praise is to Allah, the Lord of the worlds.

He has created everything and he will annihilate them whenever He Wants just says be and that will be done. Why should we take the life of ourselves and of other creatures which God has given us?" We had to go through the darkness to salute the light land of the sun, while turning the light of the car, I turned the car's ignition key and drove off.:

We reached the train station soon. But there was not any camp service bus available. I drove straight to the camp, and dropped him (the compatriot) there. I promised him that I would help him to be accepted as a refugee by the Department of Immigration. He got off the car. In his eyes innocence was observed. He put his coat on, stepped fast and disappeared in the dark air.
The end

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